thing I am doing, If he suppressed *in reality* everything he suppresses in conversation, I should no longer have any *raison d'etre.* Moreover I never argue with him; he merely strangles me and I struggle back.

Didn't he declare to me yesterday that music (he is sure of this) was going to become purely imitative; or rather, a more and more precise notation of what speech cannot express, but without any further aesthetic aim: an *exact* language?

He also says: "Who is concerned today with the Greeks? I am convinced that what we still call 'dead languages* today will fall into putrefaction. It is already impossible to understand the emotions of Homer's heroes. Etc. * . . etc. . . /'

After such remarks my thoughts take longer to rise up again than grass does after hail.

12 February

Little by little I am finishing the *Fils prodigue* — but today I break away from it to reply to the letters from Berlin. Blei and Greve are sniping at each other over my *Saul,* each one thinking he is winning out.

My conduct is simple enough if I follow a straight line. But I am risking a lot. Yet this doesn't matter; I am swaggering and to preserve my attitude am about to lose my situation. I am keeping a copy of my letters, which I went to read to Marcel Drouin this morning.

Yesterday went to see some paintings with Rouart Very beautiful Gauguins, Van Goghs, Cezannes. But I was rather tired by my irritating day before. I had thought I had to go to see *Notre-Dame de Paris,* as a tribute to de Max (in the role of Claude Frollo). I had made an appointment with Jean Schlumberger to help me endure the play. But he hadn't been able to come.

During the first half-hour the artifice and absurdity of the play give me a desire to slap my neighbors; I think I can put up with only an act of it. But I can see de Max only between the ninth and tenth tableaux.

He is good, moreover, giving a semblance of existence to that odious, declamatory puppet I leave immediately afterward, unable to endure anymore.

16 February

Again tired; it is better then to stop writing than to force myseE
What I should like to break off is not my work but rather the varied daily occupations. Reread last night what is written of *L'Enfant prodigue;* there is very little to change and certainly I am satisfied with it

Spent an hour with Suares's book, exasperated by the pathos and false sublimity of his mind. Religious boosting. What do I care that his book was finished on Good Friday? And what does he mean by "was